# GEN. NELSON A. MILES

Recites as a Companion Piece to Judge Mackey's

## "BRAVEST DEEDS OF THE WAR"

**The Following Daring Feats of Arms by Confederate Soldiers Which Came Under His Own Eye—The Magnificent Sang Froid of a Young Confederate Colonel Leading His Men to Death.**

As companion article to Judge Mackey's "Bravest Deed of the War," published in last Sunday's Globe, we this week give Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles' story of "The Bravest Deeds I Ever Knew." The General says:

In relating a few of the bravest, boldest, and most heroic acts that have come under my observation, I recall a scene at the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862. The Army of the Potomac had crossed the Rappahannock under very difficult circumstances. The opposite shore was lined with Confederate sharpshooters, and a pontoon bridge had to be laid under the fire of their rifles. Our own sharpshooters were aligned along the bank of the river, hotly engaging the riflemen on the opposite side, in order to attract their attention and as much as possible draw their fire away from the corps of engineers who were engaged in putting the pontoon boats into the river and lashing them together. So hot was the fire that many of the men were killed, and volunteers were called for to take their places and carry on the desperate work. And there was ready response to the call; for, singular as it may seem, in almost every desperate emergency there was no lack of heroic spirits, ready to volunteer to occupy the most dangerous positions.

The bridge was finally completed, and a regiment passed quickly over, storming the banks on the other side, driving back the skirmish line of the enemy, and taking possession of that side. They were quickly followed by brigades and divisions, who took possession of the ground and drove the enemy out of the city, back on to the hills beyond, where the army of Northern Virginia had taken up its position in battle array. Many hours of the day and the succeeding night were occupied in crossing the army over on the pontoon bridges. The troops then moved out across the low ground, and gradually ascending the heights of Fredericksburg, encountered the Confederate forces, who were in very strong positions, partly behind stone walls, whence their fire was most destructive and effective in checking the Union troops.

While my command of two regiments was supporting one part of the advance line, although not at the moment hotly engaged themselves, and the men were lying down in order to escape the severe fire of shot and shell that swept over the field, Capt. William G. Mitchell, of General Hancock's staff, rode up to me and said:

"General Hancock sends his compliments, and directs that you move your command to the right and engage the enemy in that direction."

This order was given under one of the most terribly destructive fires that I have ever experienced. Men were falling rapidly about us, and the whiz of bullets and the cracking of bursting shells were heard on every side. Men under such circumstances usually display some trepidation, excitement, enthusiasm, or emotion of some kind. In fact, it is very rare that at such a time men do not exhibit strong feeling, either in their tone of voice or the expression of their faces, or do not otherwise indicate the feelings inspired by such appalling circumstances.

But this young officer was as cool as if on dress parade. He showed himself the beau ideal of chivalry, and presented a perfect picture of the true knight in action. His voice was as clear and quiet as if he were in a drawing-room, or as if he were speaking under the most ordinary circumstances. His large, clear, dark eyes indicated the cool fortitude that possessed his soul. He had finely chiseled features, a spare form, dark eyebrows, light mustache, and straight, black, unusually long hair, and had the attitude, appearance, and manner of the true soldier.

On another occasion, in the next ensuing desperate battle, which occurred on the field of Chancellorsville, during the worst and most desperate fighting of the second day of that battle, when the Union forces were being assaulted at every point, and in several places were being driven back in some disorder, a duel was being fought by two batteries, one on the Union and the other on the Confederate side, near where General Hancock, with his staff, had taken station. In the shifting phases of the battle, a division of the Confederate infantry made a strong assault upon one portion of Hancock's line, and it became necessary for him to change the front of one of his divisions in order to meet this threatened onslaught. It was one of those cases where the element of time is of the most vital importance.

In this emergency General Hancock turned to his trusted aide-de-camp, and pointing to the danger, gave him directions to proceed as quickly as possible to the threatened point and change the front of the position there, in order to make a counter attack on the enemy. Mitchell, with his soldier's instinct, realized the importance of giving the order with the least possible delay; so instead of going round to the rear of our own battery, then engaged in the duel, he dashed between the two batteries, with a total disregard of his own safety, and succeeded in safely conveying the order changing the front of the division, and in saving that part of the field from disaster.

In doing this he had to defy the dangers from the shot and shell of the Confederate battery as well as the risk of death from one on his own side which was then engaging it. Such acts illustrate the indifference of some men to personal danger in the hour of battle, and the intense earnestness of their devotion to the cause in which they are engaged, which prompts them to act with such reckless daring and heroism.

Another illustration of great coolness and courage under desperate circumstances was the action of a young officer who was making a reconnoissance between the lines of the armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia. He was looking for the evidences of action and the presence of the enemy, and endeavoring to obtain all the information possible concerning the topography of the country and the number and position of the enemy's troops. He had with him for escort one troop of cavalry.

After making a reconnoissance for several hours, he turned toward the Union lines, intending to return by that route; but, wishing to gain still more information without requiring the escort to make a long detour, he directed them to return to their station by a shorter route, while he himself went by a more circuitous way. Before he could rejoin his command he was discovered by a troop of Confederate cavalry on a reconnoissance similar to his own. The commanding officer, seeing that he was unaccompanied, immediately gave chase, and a rapid pursuit followed. The Union officer was but 18 years of age; he was well mounted and a light rider, and thought he had a fair prospect of escape, especially as, in his opinion, his horse could outfoot the troop of Confederate cavalry.

The Confederate commander, however, was mounted on a powerful thoroughbred, and, soon leaving his troop well to the rear, gained rapidly on the young officer. As they struck into a well-beaten road, it was evident that it was a race for life. The young officer, seeing that the other, who had left his troop far in the rear, gained upon him, resorted to a strategem to effect his escape.

Coming to a sharp turn in the road, he passed for a moment completely out of sight, and wheeled in behind some thick evergreen trees. Springing from the horse, he waited with cool determination the approach of the Confederate officer. As the latter swept round the turn of the road, the Union officer fired upon him, rolling him in the dust. Then, springing, upon his own horse again, he seized the bridle of the Confederate charger, whirled round toward the Union lines, and swept back over the few miles that separated him from them. His own forces, who had awaited his return with much anxiety, were much relieved when he dashed up to them, leading the captured charger. This is but one of the many desperate encounters which characterized the great war.

Another instance of great daring was observed at Malvern Hill. This was the closing battle of that campaign known as the "seven days before Richmond," where the siege of Richmond was raised and McClellan changed his base of operations from the York River to the James. There had been six days' deperate fighting, in which both contending armies sustained severe losses, but in the end the ground was held by the Confederate forces, and the gradual retreat of the Federal forces toward the James River was the result. On the afternoon of July 1, 1862, the Army of the Potomac had taken position on the strategic ground of Malvern Hill, a very strong position overlooking the surrounding country.

There were a few undulations, but mostly wide fields of flowing grain and rich green grass, that in places was from 10 to 15 inches in height, presenting one of the most beautiful and picturesque midsummer prospects that could possibly be imagined. The scattered trees of the open forests in full foliage and the green fields interspersed with flowers, would have formed under ordinary circumstances a scene most fascinating to behold.

The artillery was placed in position, and the infantry was drawn up in line of battle along the most commanding crests, preparatory to the final struggle of that remarkable campaign. The Confederate army followed in pursuit of the Union forces after the desperate battle of Glendale, or Nelson's Farm, as it is sometimes called. They had taken position in the stretches of timber some three miles from Malvern Hill. They did not long allow the Union forces to remain in inactivity.

The first lines that were advanced by brigades, divisions, and corps received a terrific fire from the Union batteries on the crests of Malvern Hill, but they still moved on up the slope occupied by the Federal troops. In these advances and assaults the destructive work of our artillery was very evident, and when they reached the infantry line they were hurled back with serious loss. In one of the advances made later in the afternoon was a Confederate regiment led by a bold young colonel, who moved forward over the plain with his command with great spirit.

After they had debouched from the timber, the artillery cut wide gaps in the line, but they closed in toward the center on the colors, and moved forward with splendid martial spirit. As they ascended the slope and came under the scattering fire of the infantry line, their pace slackened, and they seemed to move with a less elastic step, a growing semblance of hesitation, and gradually moved more slowly and with less impetuosity. Impatient at this apparent caution and trepidation on the part of his command (as a body, not as individuals; for the regiment was under such splendid discipline that not a soldier left the ranks), the gallant young officer dashed forward in front of his men, and turning about while he waved his hat, exclaimed:

"Come on! Come on! Do you want to live forever?"

This was said with the greatest *sang froid* and the utmost apparent indifference to the hail of Minie balls and cannon shot that was falling thick and fast around him. This was a degree of courage that was not only indifferent to danger, but could defy imminent destruction from the engines of war with a buoyant sense of humor; that no only inspired foritude in his followers, but aroused feelings of admiration in all those who heard him. It was a sample of the very highest type of courage, which is rarely witnessed even among the scenes of death and destruction

# PERSONALS THEATRICAL.

## Gossipy Squibs About the Great and Lesser Planets.

Manager Fred. Berger is in no hurry to open the season at the Lafayette. The search for a leading man is still being actively carried on by Stage Manager Bellows, who writes from the Rialto in New York that he does not despair of landing the article in due time.

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E. D. Stair, the lessee of the Academy of Music, and Whitman Osgood, the resident manager of that house, have never met and would not know one another if they should meet. Stair says there is no reason for his coming to Washington so long as Osgood continues to send him a sizeable wad every week, which he has done ever since he took charge of the establishment.

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When the attaches of the other theaters in town want to see a well-seasoned show, sumptuously served, they invariably go to the Academy.

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William H. Crane is sentenced to another season as David Harum.

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The Post has lost its able and interesting dramatic critic, Will R. Page, who has accepted a similar position on the Philadelphia North American. Mr. Page's departure will be discouraging to Post readers, while his entry into Philadelphia journalism will be correspondingly gratifying to the North American's large clientage.

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Between news-beats and occasional "scoops" the correspondents of the big dailies throughout the country may usually be found nestling contentedly at Kernan's or the Bijou.

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Joe Hart celebrated his 39th anniversary not long ago. That many more are coming to him is the hope of his friends and the public.

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The capital will be in mourning all winter, and nothing in the way of social gayety will be attempted. Such being the case, the theaters and public concerts should be well attended. People must have some diversion.

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Elsie De Wolfe has returned from Europe just in time to begin rehearsals of "The Way of the World," in which she intends shimmering on and after October 14th. Elsie has the clothes, the nerve and the money, and, therefore, is well equipped for the venture. The probability is that Washington will be her first stand.

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"All things come to him who waits," says the adage, and now Guillaume Duchesne, a long-time waiter at Delmonico's, New York, has been found to possess a tenor voice that bids fair to rival that of Campanini, who was originally a blacksmith, before becoming the champion Faust and Lohengrin. At Edward De Reszke's expense, this new operatic "find" is being trained for his rightful sphere in the world of art. He is described as being an apt student, and will soon have all the leading roles "down fine," besides commanding the impressarios to pay him an impossible salary, lest he throw up the lyric job and go back to Del's, where the tips are sure.

### An Observant Cuss.

EDITOR SUNDAY GLOBE:

A few days ago, while eating breakfast at a boarding house nearly opposite No. 613, which is Mickey Lewis's kingdom, another boarder called my attention to a crowd in front of that place, and remarked, Those are Mickey's pets; in fact, they were occupying the sidewalk to that extent that people passing were crowded nearly off the walk, most of them smoking and talking at a horse-race gait. As near as we could make out, the language was a cross between a flannel mouth and a coyotte. Soon the clock tipped 9 and they started for the door, each one trying to get the last whiff from his cigarette or dudeen, so that when they went into the door it resembled a miniature Hoosac Tunnel, with a hog train entering it. Several remarked that was not an exception, but the rule, and had been for a long time.

An old Department employe ventured the statement that one of Mickey's prominent pets was an avowed anarchist, except when there was a promotion in sight, then he managed to get within the Republican fold long enough to either himself or have some of his relatives (of which there are a dozen or more hold of the Government udder) pull Senator Penrose or Quay's legs until he was landed in the place. Oh, snivel service deform, what a nice theory to talk about but what a fake as practised.

Leaving there, we dropped into the Indian office in the Interior Department, and, looking around, those old lines came to my mind—

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in the cloud and hears him in the wind,"

and I thought if he could only see how he was being fleeced and robbed he would probably agree that it was the other fellow and not the Lord he saw and heard.

From there to the Civil Service Commission was but a step, to call upon our old friend, Proctor. They say out in Kentucky, during the Civil War, he stood nuisance or neutral. Well, he is doing the same thing yet, and as I thought of that rule of theirs that bars people out after a certain age, and looked at that venerable cranium of his, over which at least 80 summers and several additional winters must have passed, I thought "consistency, thou art a jewel," but, oh, what a farce in this instance, or why do they not practice what they preach and put a young man at the head of this sham?

B. X.

# ABOUT WASHINGTON.

## Some Useful Information of the City for Visitors.

The Sunday Globe is now mailed to many States and Territories. It is also the favorite Sunday morning paper of visitor and residenter alike. In view of these facts, The Sunday Morning Globe will keep standing the following useful information, both as a guide to visitors and an advertisement of the Capital of the Nation:

Washington City is divided into four sections, viz: Northeast, Northwest, Southeast and Southwest.

The four streets which run due North, South and East (the West line being imaginary), from the center of the capitol, and named respectively North, South and East Capitol streets, and these Capitol streets are the dividing lines of the four sections of the city as named.

All streets in each section of the city are either lettered or numbered streets.

All avenues run at angles to the streets, and radiate from the Capitol, the White House, and several of the larger parks. These avenues are named for various States.

Every street running East and West are lettered streets, those running North and South are numbered streets.

All lettered and numbered streets are duplicated in each of the four sections.

Each front of every square has 100 numbers allotted to it, thus—beginning at East Capitol street, and going north (in any street running north of same) the first house on the right will be No. 1. On the second square the first house will be No. 100, and so on to the end of the street.

In like manner the numbers run from East Capitol street( on all streets running south of same.

In the same manner all streets in all sections of the city start and number from a Capitol street. The odd numbers are always on the right-hand side, and the even numbers on the left-hand side in every street, as you start from a Capitol street in either section of the city.

The house numbers on the various avenues correspond to those of the street to which they run nearest parallel.

Some of the avenues extend through two sections of the city, but the house numbers are not disarranged thereby, as all numbers begin at a Capitol street, whether on an avenue or street.

By this system of numbering houses, any desired locality or number can be readily found in either section of the city.

Short streets and places running through the center of a square have the same numbers as the streets between which they run, thus—Madison street in the Northwest section is between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, and the first house on that street is number 1700.

Washington is really a cosmoplitan city, its population embracing people from all parts of the United States, and Representatives from all civilized nations.

It is rapidly becoming the great center for holding conventions, assemblies and reunions, and the chosen city for institutions of learning.

It has the largest library, and the most scientific and historical collections in the country.

It is a mecca of American thought in all its phases.

The general opinion outside of Washington is that it is of no account as a manufacturing city, but the following will show that it stands well in comparison with other cities.

Capital employed, $28,876,000.

The various trades representing Stair Builders, Carpenters, Painting and Paper Hanging, Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron, Plumbing and Gas Fitting, Lumber Mills, Marble and Stone Works, Masonry, Brick, Plaster and stucco work number 553, and the number of establishments of every kind in the city numbers 2,300 and employ over 23,000 hands.

The city of Washington was incorporated in 1802.

The present system of numbering houses was adopted in 1809.

The shade trees of the city begun to develop their proportions and beauty in 1880.

The public buildings of Washington have already cost over $100,000,000.

When the corner-stone of the capitol was laid in 1793 the country around Washington was practically an unbroken wilderness.

The Government offices were first opened in the city of Washington in the year 1800 and Congress met there for the first time in that year.

There are 331 Reservations all told, including the great Mall, which extends from the capitol to the Potomac River, a distance of over two miles, the whole covering an area of over 900 acres.

These parks and reservations are bountifully supplied with every known kind of tree and shrub, and number over ,000 varieties. About 3,000,000 ornamental foliage and flowering plants and shrubs are annually propogated in the Government Propogating House, and in the spring months are transplanted into the various parks throughout the city.

Fountains abound everywhere, and provision is made for the weary, on the 1800 settees which are annually placed in the choicest and shadiest parts of the parks.